

NATO'S NUCLEAR CRISIS

—Ronald Steel

THE

Commonweal

The Church in Eastern Europe

Unrelenting Struggle in Poland and Hungary

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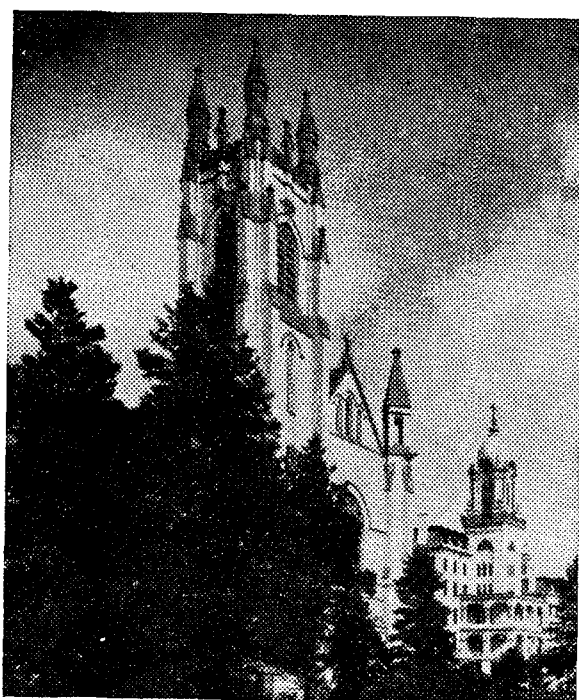
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THE Commonweal

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— week by week —

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

DEEDS, NOT WORDS, will prove the significance of the great encounter at Vienna. More particularly, it is Soviet deeds, in places like Laos, Berlin and Geneva, which will show what effect if any the meeting with President Kennedy has had on the leader of world Communism.

The joint communique released by the President and Premier Khrushchev makes it clear that on substantive matters no solutions have been reached. In this sense it is necessary to admit that the accomplishment of the Vienna conference was zero. But such is the state of East-West relations, and so minimal were the expectations of the allies, that the very absence of disaster can be hailed as something to be grateful for.

Moreover, apart from the fundamental issues between the Soviet Union and the West, President Kennedy's European trip has furnished some grounds for satisfaction. In Paris, for instance, both the President and Mrs. Kennedy seem to have made a highly favorable impression—on the French press, the diplomatic corps, the people of Paris and, most importantly, on President de Gaulle himself. There had been understandable concern about the meeting between the lofty French eminence and the self-confident, extremely young American who is now the foremost leader in the West. But Mr. Kennedy apparently won the respect of the ancient general as well as the affection of his countrymen. As one correspondent put it, "President de Gaulle treated Mr. Kennedy like an equal, and for de Gaulle that's saying quite a lot."

In Vienna, too, the Kennedys were an enormous popular success, with Mrs. Kennedy winning the kind of adulation normally reserved for screen goddesses. Mrs. Khrushchev seemed charmed by the President's wife, and Premier Khrushchev him-

self went out of his way to express his admiration for her. More to the point, perhaps, the Soviet Premier declared his appreciation of Mr. Kennedy's calm but forthright manner and his precise knowledge on the broad range of topics which were discussed.

The visit to London was similarly gratifying. Prime Minister Macmillan conveyed to the President much more than routine warmth and regard, and the obvious pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy at being reunited with British friends and relatives added much to a swelling mood of Anglo-American friendship. As was the case in Paris and Vienna, popular reaction to the visiting Americans was openly enthusiastic.

REASSURING as the personal popularity of the President and his wife may be, however, it can be dangerously misleading. There is the temptation of confusing a kind of Madison Avenue "image projection" with the practical objectives of political policy. This confusion was one of the mistakes of the Eisenhower Administration, which too often measured the success of its policies in terms of popular reaction to them. Thus the travels of Dwight Eisenhower were almost always triumphal tours, so far as the affection of the crowds was concerned, but they turned out to have had little or no bearing on the actualities of international power relations.

With the respect and understanding which the President and the First Lady have won kept duly in mind, and not undervalued, it is nevertheless necessary to return our attention to the international problems that remain as formidable as they were when the President embarked on his European journey. Despite his cordiality, President de Gaulle has not budged a hair's breadth from the positions which still threaten to wreck the unity of

the Atlantic alliance—his pursuit of nuclear power status for France, his lack of support for NATO, his contempt for the United Nations, his insistence on his own brand of European community. Prime Minister Macmillan's expressions of solidarity have not altered the facts of growing British pacifism, differences over our strategy on Berlin, dislike of our economic policies in Europe.

As for Premier Khrushchev, he was utterly unyielding on the point which has blocked all progress in the disarmament talks, which threatens a Laotian settlement and which he would use to paralyze the U.N.—the insistence on a built-in veto power for the Communists in all international administrative bodies. About Berlin, Mr. Khrushchev calmly reiterated the unacceptable demands he first put forth more than thirty months ago.

Clearly, the confrontation in Vienna affords no real basis for optimism. Perhaps the most encouraging thing about this last summit meeting is that there has been no foolish talk of "the spirit of Vienna." The fact is that the Soviet Union has managed to win positions of advantage in several areas of the world, and it is at least a hopeful sign if the Administration is prepared to recognize this fact and to deal with it in the best ways possible.

Teddy Roosevelt's formulation of speaking softly and carrying a big stick remains a good one. Let us hope that after speaking softly in Europe President Kennedy will concern himself at home with the fashioning of the stick America needs—a stick in the form of economic strength, non-nuclear military capability, and a foreign policy based on harsh world realities rather than comfortable American myths.

INJUNCTIONS AND FREEDOMS

THE RECENT injunction of a Federal Judge and the statement of a Supreme Court Justice bear sharply and disparately upon the very real problems of the citizen in an increasingly complex state. The injunction which Federal District Judge Johnson issued in Montgomery, Alabama, is directed equally against the Freedom Riders and those who oppose them. We wrote last week, before this injunction, that the two groups cannot be equated. The law must acknowledge a difference between those who act within the law and those who defy it. We can appreciate the intentions of Judge Johnson. He wants to impose a "cooling-off period" that the sponsors of the Freedom Riders had previously rejected. And he has the support of people

like Harry Truman who thinks the Riders should stay in their own states and mind their own business.

We reject entirely the premise on which the injunction and the supporting arguments rest. If the Freedom Riders halted now, their accomplishments would not be wholly lost, and the danger of other outbreaks would be minimized; but there would be a gradual surge back to the practices they are fighting to overcome. These practices, however established by custom and tradition, represent disorder.

William J. Brennan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was not speaking of the present situation in the South, but his statement seems peculiarly pertinent. In a pamphlet entitled "The Bill of Rights and the States," published by The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Mr. Brennan says that the Court has "compelling reasons for the application to the states of more of the specifics of the Bill of Rights. . . . crises at hand and in prospect are creating, and will create, more and more collisions between the citizen and his government. The need for vigilance to prevent government from whittling away the rights of the individual was never greater."

Justice Brennan concludes a developed and persuasive case by saying: "Far too many cases come from the states to the Supreme Court presenting dismal pictures of official lawlessness, of illegal searches and seizures, illegal detentions attended by prolonged interrogation and coerced admissions of guilt, of the denial of counsel, and of downright brutality. Judicial self-restraint which defers too much to the sovereign powers of the states and reserves judicial intervention for only the most revolting cases will not serve to enhance Madison's priceless gift of 'the great rights of man kind secured under the Constitution.' For these secure the only climate in which the law of freedom can exist."

The application of these statements to the case of the Freedom Riders seems obvious.

REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA

WHAT ARE the prospects for South Africa, a state born officially on May 31, the fifty-ninth anniversary of the end of the Boer War? At long last these white men, whose Dutch ancestors settled in South Africa three hundred years ago, have political sovereignty and the opportunity to carry on their patriarchal way of life with affinities to the Old Testament—for which two generations ago

they went down to such bitter defeat. Dr. Verwoerd and his Afrikaner Nationalists seem to have things well in hand in one of the world's most productive areas.

One of the obstacles confronting the new state because of its racial policy is economic. Many whites engaged in productive enterprises there, especially those of British origin, are fearfully preparing to emigrate. Boycotts by other countries could be even more damaging, but the economy is so strong to begin with, and gold so much in demand, that the lofty white standard of living is expected to decline but slowly.

Even so, the best the Nationalists can hope for is to hang on for a while. They are building up paratroop and other mobile units and erecting concrete watchtowers at strategic points. By declaring an emergency the government is now authorized to assume the widest dictatorial powers.

In the face of selective arrests and a decided show of force by armed forces and police, the three-day strike organized by the African National Congress, in protest against the birth of the racialist republic, proved generally ineffective. To strike meant to risk losing one's job and consequently one's home, perhaps also the required residence permit. In spite of this, half the workers in Johannesburg, South Africa's largest city, did strike.

One policy that dims the prospects for Dr. Verwoerd's government is that on racial grounds he is alienating the million and a half "Coloreds" of mixed blood who have their own Afrikaner ways and have sided with the three million Dutch and British whites rather than the ten million and a half South African Negroes. Up to now the latter have been seeking but a democratic share in the government rather than a takeover as in the Congo. Example and propaganda from the north of the continent, the increasingly harsh Verwoerd policies and the fortitude of the African National Congress combine to imbue the Negroes of South Africa with more sweeping aims. Their leaders for the most part still favor Gandhian, non-violent methods. This too may change under heightened provocation. Once the "Coloreds" and the Negroes make common cause in that country, the days of white supremacy there are numbered.

TRUJILLO LAND WITHOUT TRUJILLO

GENERAL Trujillo even in death is proving to be almost as much a disturbance as he was during the years of his despotic rule. For he leaves

unsettled the question of who will succeed him and what kind of a government the Dominican Republic will have. These are problems not only for the Dominicans, but for the Latin American countries—and for the United States.

There are still those who would defend Trujillo and point to such things as the schools, hospitals and roads built under his rule and fiscal policies which he initiated as evidence of his ability. If this was all that the ledger showed, there would be little problem today. It is the other side of the ledger, however, that has grown increasingly dark with the passing years. For three decades Trujillo maintained himself in office by rule of force.

It was this record which allowed the Organization of American States to describe his regime as one that was marked by "flagrant and widespread violation of human rights . . . by the denial of free assembly and of free speech, arbitrary arrest and cruel and inhuman treatment of political prisoners." Many American states subsequently imposed economic sanctions on the Dominican Republic and some severed diplomatic relations. These actions seemingly disturbed Trujillo very little. It was, finally, the bullets of assassins that removed him from office.

Trujillo ruled by force, and he has bequeathed the legacy of that rule to those who succeed him. The immediate transfer of power to his playboy-son Rafael seems smooth and efficient. But the present situation cannot be expected to continue long. The people of the Dominican Republic have little practical experience of the workings of democracy. What many do have is the desire and motive for removing a repressive regime. In addition there are strong external forces working for a change.

After the Cuban affair almost any action the U.S. takes will be subject to criticism. This has not stopped and will not stop some national leaders from suggesting foolish plans. At the moment Senator Smathers of Florida leads the list with a call for military intervention, by our Marines if necessary.

Nevertheless, the United States is involved in the fate of the Dominican Republic. The question is not whether our government should act, but how. We cannot happily see the imposition of another oppressive dictator nor the backwash of Communism in yet another island in the Caribbean. At the moment working through the O.A.S. holds forth most promise. We cannot be hamstrung by memories of the Cuban fiasco, but neither can we afford another blunder in our relations with the countries of Latin America.

THE ENEMY IN LATIN AMERICA

LAST WEEK I said I was unable to understand why President Kennedy gave his approval to the abortive Cuban venture. This is all the more true because that effort seemed so contrary to the general approach to Latin American problems which he had previously spelled out.

What Mr. Kennedy originally called for was a massive ten-year plan to save the Americas. He urged unified—the key word—hemisphere action against tyranny from within or without, and he pledged the aid of the United States for continued peaceful progress in the other American republics.

Mr. Kennedy made his proposals before the Cuban invasion attempt, in a major address delivered at a White House reception for diplomats from the Latin American countries. His remarks were enthusiastically received, and this reception can hardly be dismissed lightly by saying, as some have done, that his hearers were merely cheering a “give-away” program. Indeed, Mr. Kennedy’s plans for Latin America are, if anything, fiscally over-conservative, at least as I see it. Furthermore, the President told the diplomats quite bluntly that not only their governments but their peoples must do their part in raising their economic and educational standards and that tax structures, which in some Latin American nations blatantly favor the rich, must be revised.

In his remarks the President emphasized the need for united action, stressing his conviction that the future of freedom in the Americas and throughout the world depends on the success of efforts to raise the standards of living, health and education for an exploding population. In dollars and cents, however, he later asked Congress only for the five hundred million dollars already pledged by the Eisenhower Administration, largely for use in loan programs in the fields of education, farm improvement, and health work. If I read the political signs correctly, any new and large-scale attack on the problem of poverty and illiteracy is going to have to wait, at least if it costs money. And if this is the case, I think it is a serious mistake.

I can sympathize with the President’s problems. He wants to land an American on the moon. He has to improve our ability to fight brush-fire wars, which slipped under the bigger-bang-for-a-buck economics of the Eisenhower Administration. He is committed to federal aid to education. Examples of such urgent needs could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and all of them will take money. But I still think that Latin America deserves a much higher priority than it has yet received.

Some weeks ago one of our U.S. Bishops was quoted in the diocesan papers as saying that while Latin

American needs were very great, the United States has nothing to reproach itself for. The Bishop in question had himself labored for a good many years in Latin America, and he has done all he could to interest his fellow-citizens in Latin American affairs. In his own case, then, there may be no reason for self-reproach. I fear, though, that he was far too easy on the rest of us, who have generally ignored our neighbors to the South.

Problems vary greatly from country to country throughout Latin America, and generalizations are dangerous. Nonetheless, the experts seem agreed that in half a dozen countries in the hemisphere the situation is serious and that in several it is critical. Latin America has great resources, but if they are not developed adequately, and fast, in the face of a rapidly expanding population, the future looks tragic indeed. And in this development I think the United States has to play an important part.

When we in this country meet Latin Americans, they are almost invariably cultured and educated members of the middle- and upper-classes. But in one country after another in Latin America there are millions of land-poor peasants and rootless urban workers whose lot is unbelievably bad. For them the future now holds little promise, and it is with these millions that we must concern ourselves.

There is, of course, nothing new about poverty. The difference in 1961 is that even illiterate peasants know that hunger is not inevitable. The day is almost past when people anywhere in the world will settle for hand-to-mouth existence and an early grave, and social conditions that always cried out to heaven for justice now invite revolution and war.

I agree with those who say that we of the West have not yet fully faced the demands of international social justice. It is, I grant, infinitely harder to take the traditional Christian concept that we are stewards rather than absolute masters of property and apply it to international affairs than it is to make such application to the relationships between individuals. Nonetheless, we have to think in these terms.

In the case of Latin America, though, it does not seem to me that we need to wait for any more exact determination by the moralists of the demands imposed upon us by international social justice. As matters stand right now, sheer national interest dictates that we move, and move quickly, for social, economic and educational reform in these countries which are right on our own doorstep. One Castro is bad enough. Do we have to have half-a-dozen more like him before we see what must be done? **JAMES O’GARA.**

The Church in Eastern Europe

*The unrelenting war against the Church in Poland
and Hungary is now entering its sixteenth year*

by THOMAS WEYR

THE CATHOLIC Church in Eastern Europe today stands at the crossroads between survival and extinction. Poland and Hungary are the battlefields of this latest test of strength in an unrelenting war now entering its sixteenth year. The epic struggle that has the stuff of a hundred dramas in it and that stands almost without parallel in the two-thousand-year history of the Church is coming to a climax. If the Communists have their way, the stark drama will end "not with a bang but a whimper."

Stefan Cardinal Wysinski, Prince Primate of Poland and one of this century's strangest and loneliest figures, has lent the battle in Poland his personal dignity and power. His eloquence has forced even the lackadaisical "free world" press to sit up and take a little notice; to remember, however briefly, the ninety million people who populate half a continent. Perhaps he will succeed in directing the bright lights of public interest onto Poland and thus force dour Wladislaw Gomulka, Poland's equally strange and lonely Communist leader, to slow his unrelenting campaign against the Church.

A clever and astute politician, Cardinal Wysinski early saw through Communist efforts to whittle away Church power piecemeal—a line of attack adopted when the regime realized that it could not afford to risk open war with the Church. Last year's riots in the industrial town of Nowa Huta and elsewhere taught the Communists an important lesson—it is fatal to provide the Catholic Poles with a visible symbol they can defend. The Nowa Huta riots erupted when authorities tried to remove a simple cross that marked the site where the town's only church was to be built.

Since then the Communists have changed tactics, waging a war of attrition, gradually slicing away at Church influence, using the threats of taxation, throttling religious instruction in school, pushing atheist

propaganda, even supporting a schismatic "national" Polish church. Yet the Cardinal has met the challenge at every turn. When he could not get his sermons published he slipped them to Western newsmen in Warsaw. He uses word of mouth to get his message to his flock. Wherever Church interests seem endangered he is on the attack.

Already the Cardinal seems to have succeeded in forcing the Communists on the defensive. At least Gomulka has been "explaining" in his speeches that he isn't persecuting anybody; that the Church is really free in Poland; that the situation isn't any worse than in the United States where government and clergy are split over the school issue; even that the whole "fabrication" is a Vatican plot to aid the Christian Democratic party in Italy.

BUT IN Hungary things are worse, much worse; even desperate. The one man who could issue the clarion call that might be heard beyond the nation's borders is bottled up inside the American legation in Budapest—Josef Cardinal Mindszenty. Archbishop Josef Groesz of Kalocsa, who has taken over the spiritual leadership of Hungary's Catholics in the Cardinal's absence, is old and sick. Reports of his activities differ, but certainly he is no Wysinski able to give direction and leadership to clergy and faithful.

As a result the Communists have succeeded in pushing the Church to the wall in Hungary. Two years ago they began a serious and concerted effort to bend the Church completely to the Communist will, to make it as subservient as it was sometimes in the Middle Ages when kings ran Church affairs. And the Communists have had noticeable success because no one in the outside world seems to care. The U.N. debate on the Hungarian issue has become an annual farce, looked on with contempt even by the bitterest anti-Communist Hungarians. U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld is one of the best-hated men in the country

Mr. Weyr, a previous contributor, is a journalist who lives in Vienna and frequently reports on Middle Europe.

because—rightly or wrongly—he is blamed for Western inactivity during and after the 1956 revolt. U.N. police actions around the globe are regarded with especial bitterness and fuel the fires of hopelessness. Hungary has become an international limbo.

Hiding behind this terrible blanket of silence, Hungarian leaders have begun to crack down harder on the Church, already tottering under constant massive attack. Methods have become cruder. Officials think nothing of returning to the systematic brutality of Stalinist days if they feel it is necessary and advantageous. Within the last six months the Communists have started their biggest and perhaps final offensive. They have demanded that the Church help the state in building socialism.

The ground had been well prepared by previous crackdowns that generally lasted six to eight months before the Church was again given a breathing spell. Early in 1959 the Communists moved to increase their influence over Church administration. They reactivated the "State Office for Churches" and gave sweeping powers to its chairman, Karoly Olt, who was made responsible only to the Council of Ministers. The government insisted that bishops appointed by the Vatican swear allegiance to the Hungarian constitution. In April of 1959 five of them, headed by Archbishop Groesz, took the oath. During the year, other bishops followed suit. Also in April of that year the government issued a decree reserving for itself the right to make some Church appointments and to approve all of them.

Communist spokesmen hammered hard at Vatican "interference in internal Hungarian affairs" after the Holy See had denounced the new State-Church setup as it emerged that spring. Leading anti-regime bishops were exiled to small villages. The Communist campaign was helped by Groesz's long illness when he was away from Church affairs. During his convalescence he seems to have taken little part in administration. In fact, Hungary's bishops were—and still are—old, sick and beaten men. There are notable exceptions, of course. But by August of 1959 the Hungarians appeared to have worn down the Church leadership and they were able to obtain a considerable amount of submission.

Where opposition remained it was overcome by craft and trickery. That summer the Communists began a major push to re-introduce the notorious "peace priests"—clergymen loyal to the regime who had all but disappeared as a result of the 1956 uprising. Bishops who had refused to admit "peace priests" to their dioceses were called to Budapest for consultations with government leaders. Often they had to spend three or four days enmeshed in red tape. When they finally returned home "peace priests" were ensconced in diocesan offices.

THERE WAS one moment of open rebellion, but it came from below, from the Central Seminary in Budapest. Some fourteen students refused to participate in Communist-sponsored "peace actions." They were immediately expelled. But their ouster triggered a strike by one hundred seven other seminarians. The government threw them out too and finally closed the school.

Archbishop Groesz himself put his stamp on the Church's temporary surrender. Attending a New Year's reception given by the Communist Church administrator, the Archbishop of Kalocsa said that the Church approves and supports socialism because it helps spread prosperity among men, including Catholics. He also pledged Church support for the government's harsh collectivization program which beat 400,000 peasants off their own land and into collectives within four months in the winter of 1959-60. This statement of support was crucial because the Kadar government had staked its reputation on completing the collectivization program. Already it feared that country priests would bolster the determination of individual farmers to stay on their own land. A year later this fear was an accepted fact.

Last November the year-long truce was over. The Communists found that while they had managed to curb Church leadership they had been unable to repress individual priests. Collectivization was in a crucial stage. Although it had been a complete success on paper, new collective members did slovenly work and paid little heed to land no longer their own. Up to thirty-five per cent of the sugar beet crop lay unharvested in mid-November. Reports poured into the capital of farmers who went out into the fields at night to dig up only as many potatoes as they needed for their own homes. And there was increasing evidence that local priests had encouraged peasants in this attitude.

There were other reasons for government dissatisfaction with the Church. Certainly ideology played a major role. The Communists know that the Church is a bitter foe and a powerful one, and the religious feelings of the people show no sign of abating. On the other hand, Communist indoctrination had never penetrated deeply. Top ideologist Gyulla Kallai once conceded that the Church would be around a long time "during the construction of socialism" because it enjoyed wide popular support. "The state therefore must count with the presence of the Church and so formulate its policy that it cannot be crossed by the policies of the Church," he added.

A clue of things to come appeared last Sept. 18 when Dr. Richard Horvath, a Catholic journalist supporting the Communists, wrote that Catholics must not remain "an alien element, a hostile element within the socialist society." Other signs of dissatisfaction with the role

of the Church crept in here and there. But they probably would not have jelled the issue as quickly as did another strike by seminary students, this time in the provincial city of Győr. The students struck after openly boycotting a peace priest assembly in the city. A large number of seminarians were expelled.

Perhaps the book would have been closed right there had not the aged Bishop of Szekesfehervar taken some of the ousted students under his wing, as he had done already a year or two earlier, and ordained them. Eighty-year-old Lajos Shvoy has been a burr under the Communist saddle for a long time. He doesn't like the regime and he doesn't mind saying so. In a recent letter to friends living in the West he said the missive probably would be delayed by censorship; "but they won't find anything in it they don't already know I think about them," he wrote.

The Communists were angered enough by these events to swing the well-oiled anti-Church machinery into action. Orders went out to the press across the country to step up atheist propaganda and begin a campaign of slander and defamation against individual priests. Newspapers printed little scandal stories citing by name clergymen who had been arrested on charges of homosexuality, molesting little girls or entertaining "immoral relations" with nuns. Open letters were published from scandalized parishioners professing astonishment and disillusion with the alleged misdeeds of priests. All the alleged offenses were designed to show priests' human frailties and undermine parishioners' trust in them.

KALLAI and Olt now thought the time had come for a serious discussion with the Church leadership. They summoned Archbishop Groesz and the top members of the bench of bishops to a conference intended to detail Communist demands. First, they said, the Church must help actively in the building of socialism; second, it must curtail still further already limited educational activities. These were demands that the Church could not accept. The meeting broke up unresolved.

Deciding to move both against Shvoy and the bench of bishops, the Communists ordered the arrests of fifty-eight priests within a two-week period prior to Dec. 6. The bulk of the arrested were taken into custody on morals charges coupled with "anti-regime activities." This latter category covers a multitude of sins, ranging upward from alleged statements that the priest involved had wished the return of church lands. The press published only scattered reports of these arrests, not enough to make a pattern. Details filtered west through enough sources, however, to give them unquestioned authenticity.

No official word came until early in February, when the government announced the arrests of ten persons,

eight of them priests or ex-priests, who had plotted against the state. Again the news was smothered in the West, a fact that dovetailed neatly with Communist planning. Apparently the official announcement had a two-fold purpose: first, to warn the Church once more that the Communists mean business and were determined to win their point; and second, to cover up preparations for massive arrests and detentions.

Kallai and Olt arranged another meeting with Church leaders, this time without Archbishop Groesz attending. Again the bishop refused to budge on the grounds that Communist demands reached deep into matters of dogma where only the Vatican is competent to decide. Failure to reach agreement was the signal for mass arrests and detentions dwarfing anything seen in Hungary for many years. Reports on the number detained vary, but they have been put as high as 1,200 before last February 23. At least two hundred houses were searched in the strongly Catholic Kristina Varos district of Budapest with police claiming to have found incriminating evidence, mostly religious leaflets, letters from the West and the like. Among those detained were said to be up to seven hundred priests. Several hundred of these were held or jailed for longer periods of time, the rest let go after several hours or days. Catholic laymen called into police headquarters were dressed down because they provided their children with religious instruction or sent them to church on Sundays. The warnings were accompanied with threats of future reprisals if the person involved did not take heed.

In the countryside arrests were directed against priests opposing collectivization. On this point the Hungarians even published something, a sign of growing concern. Thus one provincial newspaper reported on alleged statements made by Father Mihal Ando who told parishioners it would be no sin for a collective farm member to take eggs home from the collective farm since it is impossible to steal "what already belongs to you."

Reports of arrests and growing Church persecution have spread through the country via the grapevine and appear to have caused some popular unrest; enough to have a newspaper in the town of Eger comment on the "rumors." The newspaper confirmed some arrests, but attempted to depict them as minor in scope and having the approval of "responsible" churchmen.

"Word-of-mouth claims that many priests have been arrested on charges of crimes against youth. What is the truth? Several months ago the court in Szolnok sentenced Dr. Istvan Kishonti, a chaplain in Eger, because he cynically admitted having raped about two hundred children aged ten to fourteen."

Arrests and detentions are continuing in Hungary as the Communists push ahead their drive to make the Church knuckle under and become once and for all the

tool of the state. Time may well be working for them. The peace priest movement is growing. The government retains its veto over new Church appointments. Bishops are losing control of their dioceses. One day Cardinal Mindszenty will die and with him the last symbol of church continuity in Hungary. There are few men left as courageous as Bishop Shvoy willing to risk government wrath by ordaining priests who have proved their independence.

The alleged Communist goal of winning so complete control of Church organization within two or three years that the Hungarian delegation to the Ecumenical Council would be made up of "peace priests" may not be as far-fetched as it sounds.

Especially not if a complacent and forgetful "free world" will continue to sit back and let the Communists do what they will behind the safe, protective wall of silence and indifference.

THE NEW WAGE BILL

A Bare Minimum

by LAWRENCE T. KING

WHEN THE HOUSE of Representatives early in March rejected President Kennedy's \$1.25 minimum wage bill by a vote of 186 to 185 and approved instead a far more restrictive \$1.15 bill substituted by the Republican-Southern Democrat coalition, Administration supporters feared the setback would impair the President's legislative momentum and threaten his entire New Frontier domestic program. The fact that these fears have not materialized can be attributed to the political acuity of the majority leadership rather than to any breakdown in the power of the conservative coalition in Congress.

Despite the House setback, the Senate overwhelmingly approved the minimum wage legislation in the form requested by the President, thus putting the issue before a House-Senate conference committee which agreed on a bill acceptable to the President. When the issue went before the House a second time, it was passed by a vote of 230 to 196. The House majority leadership had succeeded in switching a considerable number of votes and forcing a number of Congressmen off the sidelines, increasing the total vote on the bill from 371 to 426. In short, it had turned a one-vote temporary defeat into a 34-vote victory for the Administration.

As enacted, the new minimum wage law will raise the pay floor from the present dollar an hour to \$1.15 in September, 1961, and to \$1.25 two years later for thirty million workers now covered by the legislation. More important from the Administration's standpoint, however, are the law's provisions which extend coverage to 3.6 million workers excluded from present legislation. These workers, mostly in retail stores,

would get a dollar an hour initially and move to \$1.25 in three step-ups over the next four-and-a-half years.

In these days of inflated costs and comparatively high wages, a law prescribing a \$1.25 an hour might seem academic. When this point was raised during debate in the House, proponents of the Administration bill found it necessary to point out that one-sixth of the families in the United States still have an annual income of \$2,500 or less and that approximately twenty million workers are not covered by minimum wage laws of any kind. To these people, a minimum wage law is anything but academic.

ALTHOUGH the federal minimum wage has been raised four times since it was first enacted in 1938—the first law called for a forty-cent minimum—the Kennedy Administration has been the first to achieve a breakthrough on extension of coverage. The original legislation called for bringing an additional 4,311,000 workers under the law, but this figure had to be trimmed to 3,600,000 to meet the objections of special interest groups which controlled enough votes in the House to defeat the measure. Despite these concessions—workers in cotton ginning plants, hotels, restaurants and laundries, for example, were dropped—the important thing to the Administration is that a minimum wage law greatly broadening the principle of federal protection for more and more workers has won acceptance by Congress.

This is no little achievement when one recalls that the Roosevelt Administration, which made such legislation an integral part of its New Deal program, was able to win approval of the Fair Labor Standards Act in 1938 only after Congress riddled the bill with exemptions. Workers in industry were protected but

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workers in service and retail trades were left out. In 1949, when President Truman succeeded in raising the minimum from forty to seventy-five cents an hour, Congress actually dropped a million workers from the law's coverage as its price for the higher scale. And in 1956, Congress voted a dollar an hour minimum but resisted all liberal attempts to broaden coverage.

The new law covers for the first time 2.18 million workers in large retail and service enterprises doing at least one million dollars of business annually, provided \$250,000 or more of the concern's goods move across state lines; 86,000 gasoline service station workers in establishments doing at least \$250,000 in annual sales; a million construction workers in firms doing \$350,000 of annual business; 100,000 seamen; 93,000 local transit workers in companies doing an annual business of one million dollars; 33,000 seafood processing workers; 30,000 telephone employees of small companies. Many of these workers, of course, are already making more than the \$1.25 minimum prescribed wage, but enactment of the new law now brings them under protection of the forty-hour week provision, which requires payment of overtime for hours worked in excess of forty.

Interestingly enough, it was this provision of the law that bore the brunt of the attack during the Congressional debate and during the preliminary hearings conducted by the House Labor and Education subcommittee. Opponents of the bill were obviously anxious to avoid the charge that they favored cheap labor, however. As lobbyists for the retail and service trades paraded before the subcommittee, their opposition was couched in more sophisticated language: "government interference," "federal bureaucracy," "infringement of individual liberty" and, of course, "federal usurpation of a field that belongs to the states."

AS MIGHT be expected, testimony of this sort was not much different from that used in the days of the New Deal when Roosevelt's initial legislation in this field was denounced as the beginning of the end of the free enterprise system. And it is not surprising that the issue served to draw the liberal-conservative battle lines in Congress.

Owners of retail outlets joined with the restaurant, hotel, filling station, laundry and theater men in emphasizing the argument that imposition of a forty-hour week with time-and-a-half for overtime would tip "the delicate balance between profit and loss" in their businesses. It was evident from this line of testimony that it is a common practice for workers in these fields to work long hours at straight hourly rates to maintain their employers' so-called "competitive edge."

After listening to these arguments, the hearing chairman asked: "Should an enterprise remain in business if it can't afford to pay decent, living wages?"

The consensus of the special interest groups at the hearing was that a job at \$40 a week is better than no job at all, but this view was challenged by an A.F.L.-C.I.O. spokesman. "Industry which cannot pay a living wage becomes parasitical and is not an asset but a liability to society," he said.

It was on the issue of states' rights, however, that most opposition Congressmen took their strongest stand against the bill. And once again that time-honored political principle was made to serve as a cloak for economic injustice—just as it has been invoked to justify the social injustice of compulsory segregation and the political injustice of Negro disenfranchisement.

This time, the states' rights argument sounded a bit hollow—especially when Administration supporters pointed out on the floors of both houses that there are twenty-two states without any minimum wage laws and that in most states with legislation on the books, it applies only to women and children. It was also pointed out that in fifteen states the legal minimum wage is seventy-five cents an hour and in two states it is twenty-five cents. Statistics of this sort helped to make the states' rights arguments seem rather ineffectual.

WHEN PRESIDENT Kennedy signed the \$1.25 minimum wage bill—it became effective four months later—he pointed out "that much more work remains to be done in this field." Now that the principle of extending coverage of this legislation has been accepted by Congress, it is almost certain that subsequent sessions of Congress will act to reduce further the number of workers—at least fifteen million, it is estimated—who still remain outside the protection of this law.

From a political standpoint, the importance of the Administration's victory on this issue cannot be overestimated. During the Presidential campaign, Mr. Kennedy hammered away at the urgency of doing something about the nation's unfinished business—improvement in the minimum wage law, emergency anti-recession measures, aid to education, medical care for the aged, urban renewal and public housing, help for depressed areas, etc. In doing so, he put his opponent on the defensive. The instinct of the conservatives is to oppose all these measures—they would prefer to keep government on the sidelines and allow the law of the market place to prevail. But the 1960 Republican standard-bearer refused to be cast in the role of an adversary on these issues and he made it clear that he differed with his opponent only on the method of achieving these objectives. If he earned the opprobrium of the ultra-conservatives in his own party for such a stand, at least there is no evidence to indicate that he lost their votes.

Mr. Kennedy—as a member of the "out" party—

was able to capitalize on these issues. And now that his party is "in," his opponents are confronted with the problem of justifying their opposition to, say, the \$1.25 minimum wage bill before the electorate back home. The Administration is fully aware of this and has pressed the advantage, winning Congressional approval of four of its five "priority" anti-recession measures in short order.

In the case of the minimum wage issue, the opposition rallied behind the Republican-Southern Democrat scaled down \$1.15 bill, justifying their position on the grounds that their only choice was between a "liberal" and a "conservative" bill and that they were choosing the less objectionable. In so doing, perhaps they felt they were safely aligning themselves with what some of our news commentators have termed "the rising tide of American conservatism." In any case, it is no secret in Washington that the hard core of opposition to the wage bill came from Congressmen who would prefer, as one prominent public figure put it, to "repeal the twentieth century" and return the federal government to the role it occupied during the McKinley era.

In their dreams of the "good old days"—no income taxes, no anti-trust laws, no effective labor unions, no burdensome federal regulatory agencies—these people conveniently manage to ignore the realities of the historical progress of growth and the complexities of modern life. They might just as well lend their efforts towards enactment of a law banning the internal combustion engine as a first step toward restoring the simplicity of the "horse and buggy" age.

THE POINT is, of course, there can be no going back—Sen. Barry Goldwater and the Young Americans for Freedom notwithstanding. The slogan of "the least government is the best government" might have had some validity in 1861; it has none in an era dominated by bigness and power in which the individual's area of freedom is restricted not so much by government—as the "new conservatives" would have us believe—but by the growing concentration of economic power in the hands of the business and industrial community.

Today's government policy—minimum wage laws, federal subsidies to certain segments of our economy, tax laws, strict regulation of monopolistic enterprises, banking and stock exchange operations—is designed to spread the benefits of America's productive capacity over as large a base as possible. The fact that a minimum wage law is a necessary part of that policy—as attested by the millions of workers still uncovered by the law—is sufficient evidence that much work remains to be done in the legislative field. At the same time, we must acknowledge the progress we have made, if only to prove we are on the right track.

Take the year 1929, the golden year of the old order of small and ineffectual government, the year Herbert Hoover succeeded Calvin Coolidge after a Presidential election waged on the slogan of "four more years of prosperity." According to the conservative Brookings Institution, only 2.3 per cent of American families then had incomes of over \$10,000 a year. Only 8 per cent had incomes over \$5,000; 71 per cent had incomes of less than \$2,500; 60 per cent had incomes of \$2,000; more than 42 per cent had incomes of less than \$1,500; and more than 21 per cent had incomes of less than \$1,000 a year.

Taking into consideration the shrinkage in the buying power of the dollar, Brookings economists reported that a family income of "\$2,000 was required at 1929 prices to supply only the basic necessities." In other words, in the golden year of the old order—at the height of the greatest prosperity the nation had known up until that time—60 per cent of America's families were living in poverty.

It took a tragic depression to arouse Americans to the injustices of an economic system that relegated government to the sidelines and permitted a relatively small group of financiers and industrialists to operate pretty much the way they pleased. Today, Wall Street takes at least some of its orders from Washington; in 1929, it was the other way around. It would be ironic indeed if we allowed our fears of "big government"—a phrase which kept recurring during the Congressional debate on the minimum wage law—to blind us to the dangers of going back to the era of free-wheeling private enterprise and ineffectual government, when the latter was the servant of the former, and the individual stood helpless before the Iron Law of Wages: the principle that all wages tend to fall to the level which the most unskillful or the most desperate will accept.

FOOTNOTE TO A HOMILY ON ST. PAUL

When Saint John Chrysostom read from Saint Paul to his Byzantians, his spirit soared.

Whenever he heard Paul's voice announce the Lord he longed with all his strength that it might fall upon men's senses like the trumpet call by which his own heart was so deeply stirred. But they paid little heed to what they heard and all that ardor beating on the wall of their indifference who could never find time for their soul's sake in Byzantium is beating still on the divided mind torn between Christ and the importunate city, trying the faith of any Chrysostom and all his Christian patience; all his pity.

SISTER MARIS STELLA, C.S.J.

NATO's Nuclear Crisis

by RONALD STEEL

WITH ALMOST predictable regularity the Atlantic alliance has been shaken by periodic crises that threaten its purpose and its endurance. At least once a year the cry rings out that NATO must be revitalized, that it must find a new sense of purpose, that it must gird its collective loins anew. Now, once again, alarms are sweeping through the corridors of official Washington as NATO's battered bones are dragged out for re-examination. While the prognosis is generally dim, the suggested cures are as varied as the consultants who prescribe them. These remedies range from suggestions for more committees and better conference techniques to more basic proposals such as larger ground forces and even political integration.

Among the more drastic proposals has been that the U.S. should endow NATO with its own nuclear capacity. The bare outline of this plan was unveiled last December by former Secretary of State Christian Herter at the Paris NATO meeting. In that departing bouquet of the outgoing Administration to NATO, the U. S. offered to put at the disposal of the alliance five atomic submarines, each carrying sixteen nuclear-armed Polaris missiles. Coupled with this was a plan whereby the Europeans would purchase one hundred U. S.-made Polaris missiles for installation at land bases on the Continent. Among our allies there were many who wondered whether the purchase scheme was linked with the Eisenhower Administration's preoccupation with America's balance of payments worries.

The Herter offer ran into rough weather even before the Secretary of State laid down the cares of office. When President Kennedy entered the White House he inherited an ambiguous and controversial plan that had never received official formulation. One of his first acts was to appoint Dean Acheson to make a study of the nuclear weapons plan and to review the whole NATO structure. While its report has not been made public, the Acheson committee has apparently downgraded, but not scrapped, the nuclear plan. In an attempt to stave off the day of ultimate decision on an independent nuclear force for NATO, the U. S. is now trying to shut the nuclear door—but not all the way. One tentative answer—although it is only a short-term expedient that

does not solve the basic issue—came at the recent NATO meeting in Oslo. While confirming the Herter offer of five atomic submarines, Dean Rusk quietly withdrew the controversial hundred missile purchase scheme. The submarines, although nominally under NATO command, will be manned by American crews and their nuclear missiles will remain under U. S. control.

The Rusk plan temporarily takes care of the dangling submarines, but leaves unanswered the nagging question of nuclear arms for NATO. The reason for giving NATO its own nuclear deterrent is, according to its advocates, to increase the power of the Atlantic alliance. Although it has not been officially stated, for fear of intensifying NATO fears by giving them credence, the nuclear plan was hopefully meant to meet two prevalent, but on the surface contradictory, fears among our allies: That when confronted with a direct Soviet maneuver the U. S. would either 1) abandon its European allies, or 2) insure their nuclear destruction by rushing headlong into atomic war.

THE INDEPENDENT NATO nuclear deterrent would, its advocates believed, keep our allies happy even at the price of expanding the diffusion of nuclear weapons. America's motives, as British Foreign Secretary Lord Home told the House of Lords in January, "were unselfish, generous and honorable." The offer was meant, he said, "to reassure Europe that American power would remain at the disposal of the alliance, to place a portion of the nuclear deterrent under European control so as to strengthen the will of the alliance" and to show that "if NATO should own its own weapons, then it would be unnecessary for more nations in the alliance to build up their own nuclear capacity."

Although neither Lord Home nor Prime Minister Macmillan had any intention of giving up Britain's nuclear capacity in exchange for a jointly-controlled NATO force, they hoped that France and later West Germany could be induced to forsake nuclear weapons of their own. While no NATO nation seriously questioned the power of the American nuclear deterrent, there was a feeling on the NATO military staff—not always shared by the political leaders at home—that a nuclear NATO would somehow face fewer of the divisive forces that now plague the present structure.

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But this hope of heading off the spread of independent national deterrents has not even been shared by the commander of NATO, General Lauris Norstad. "It should not be assumed," he told a Los Angeles audience more than a year ago, "that even the creation of a multi-national atomic authority—making an alliance, NATO for instance, the fourth atomic power—would necessarily influence the desire of some nations to pursue their own independent quest for an atomic weapons capability—although such action might very well remove a good part of the motivation of others to do so."

Foremost among these nations embarking upon an atomic program is France. President de Gaulle has dismissed with characteristic disdain the possibility that U. S. missiles and a few atomic submarines will deter him from his goal of an independent French nuclear force. De Gaulle wants a revitalized France on a par of equality with the U. S. and Britain, with a veto over the use of atomic weapons, and an equal voice in Western policy in the world arena. Repeating the General's views, faithful Premier Michel Debré has said: "Political powers will be classified in two categories—those who have the bomb and the rocket, and the others. Those who do have them will be heard. The others will be satellites."

Ever since de Gaulle returned to power in May 1958, Washington has been acting under the illusion that his conception of France's NATO role was a mirror image of that held by his faceless predecessors. But it has become increasingly obvious that the two kingpins of American foreign policy—the U.N. and NATO—elicit, respectively, contempt and indifference in the French President's estimation. De Gaulle is determined to develop an independent French nuclear striking force—either with or without American aid—so that France need no longer be dependent on any foreign power for its own defense. His decisiveness in ramming a \$1.2 billion appropriation for the French *force de frappe* through a gagging National Assembly last fall has dispelled any lingering doubts about his intentions.

French visions of nuclear grandeur have run into the disapproval of that staunch European Chancellor Adenauer, but have nonetheless contributed to increasing agitation in West Germany for atomic arms. Under the present structure, with the Western nuclear monopoly in Anglo-American hands, Adenauer has been able to head off German demands for atomic weapons. But now that West Germany has become the dominant military power in Western Europe, with seven divisions in the field and twelve promised for the end of the year, German military-economic circles are chafing under Adenauer's policy of abstention. The ambitious Defense Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, who is determined to one day succeed the aged Adenauer, has vociferously asserted Germany's right to her own armaments indus-

try. With her rich scientific and industrial resources, and growing political ambitions, West Germany will not much longer practice the self-abnegation the West has unwisely come to expect of her. The challenge of French nuclear dominance on the Continent is already bringing open recognition in Bonn that an independent nuclear force is the passport to great power status.

Yet the prospect of a nuclear-armed West Germany falls like a grim shadow across the fragile network of an increasingly interdependent Europe. The memory of the German war machine is still too deeply etched in the soul of Europe—both East and West—to be so easily dismissed as it has on this side of the Atlantic.

HOPEFUL that a nuclear-equipped Germany need not come to be, our European allies continue to count on the U. S. to hold the alliance in balance. Understandably hesitant to commit themselves to the awesome responsibilities of nuclear involvement, they prefer to remain under the American nuclear umbrella. Relying both militarily and psychologically upon America's strategic nuclear forces, most NATO nations have evidenced little urgency in meeting their assigned troop goals. Like perpetual New Year's resolutions, these troop goals have been solemnly sworn to at annual NATO gatherings and then politely disregarded. Arbitrarily set at ninety divisions, then scaled down to sixty, and now to thirty divisions, NATO's land force goals have never been met. Today the NATO "shield" in Central Europe numbers twenty-one divisions. Since few in or out of the alliance seriously believe this force could hold back a determined Soviet assault, its obvious inadequacy brings into question the whole purpose and strategy of European defense.

Rather than bemoaning the feet-dragging of our allies, we might more profitably ask why most of them have not chosen to meet their goals: why France, for example, has pulled nearly her entire Army out of NATO and kept it bottled up in Algeria for five years; why Britain cut her troop strength in West Germany below 50,000 men in the interests of economy; and why other nations have reduced conscription to twelve months. The answer may be that these actions, or lack of them, dramatically reflect our allies' attitude toward the nature of the Soviet threat as they conceive it. Although they are too polite to tell us so, they seriously question whether the Soviets intend to make a direct land assault against Western Europe. Subversion, provocation, pressure, even local armed incidents—all this is likely. But if our allies expected a direct assault by the Soviet Army, they would take NATO more seriously than they now do balanced budgets or the quashing of nationalistic rebellions.

During the past few years NATO has witnessed a new development that strikes at its old foundations—the rise of the Soviet Union as a nuclear power. Twelve

years ago, when NATO was founded, U. S. troops and weapons, backed up by the American nuclear monopoly, gave Europe the protection it needed to set it back on its economic feet. But as Europe recovered, weapons technology went through a series of rapid changes and the American nuclear monopoly was broken. Today there is nuclear parity between the U. S. and the Soviet Union, and while the Soviet military posture is formidable, its economic and social challenge pose an even greater threat to American interests. Despite their much-publicized protests to the contrary, most Europeans recognize that in the unlikely event of a full-scale Soviet attack against Western Europe, the U. S. would inevitably respond to the full level of its treaty commitments. The Soviets know well that an assault on the Federal Republic or the nuclear bombardment of the capitals of Western Europe is the declaration of World War III. The U.S., whose interests, whose air bases, whose citizens in and out of uniform are spread across Western Europe, could no more ignore a Soviet attack on Paris or Rotterdam than it could the bombardment of Chicago. There is little fear in European minds that the U. S. would sit out a Soviet attack on the Continent. But there is considerable apprehension that we might well zealously escalate a local maneuver into a nuclear nightmare.

At the April meeting of the NATO military council in Washington, President Kennedy stated that the alliance "needs to be able to respond to any conventional attack with conventional resistance which will be effective at least long enough . . . to force a pause." It is in its ability to deter conventional attack, not in its readiness for the final cataclysmic war, that NATO is its least convincing. At present Europe is completely dependent on nuclear weapons and nuclear strategy for its own protection. But because nuclear war is admittedly "unthinkable" a nuclear defense is credible only in so far as it is never used. Because it involves the threat of unlimited destruction in reply to limited provocation, it is an invitation to nuclear blackmail.

FOR TOO MANY years Europe has abdicated the responsibility for its own defense and has been willing to rely completely on the American nuclear deterrent—a deterrent which, in all fairness, we urged them to accept, thereby contributing to their own jealousy and lethargy. Again in the full flush of industrial plenty, Europe must look to itself for its own conventional defense and no longer rest complaining but secure in the bosom of Uncle Sam. We have allowed this abdication of national responsibility to exist for too long. Since Europe's survival depends upon her defense through conventional weapons, the proposed plan to turn over to a feuding and divided NATO nuclear weapons can only hamper our allies' haphazard efforts to rationalize their own defenses.

By equipping our NATO allies with nuclear arms we will certainly accomplish two results equally inimical to our common interests: first, make it **even more** tempting for them to cut back their conventional land forces on which their security hinges; second, increase the likelihood that a local uprising in Central Europe may pull NATO into nuclear war. Once atomic weapons are freely introduced into European armies, the alliance will become dependent, as we ourselves have, upon these arms. A nuclear striking force under NATO cannot add to the credibility of the Western deterrent, nor will it head off the development of independent nuclear capacities by member nations such as France, nor will it add to military or political stability in Europe. Further, before equipping NATO with its own nuclear force, we might well ask ourselves whether it is advisable to turn a defensive alliance into a potentially offensive strategic force by giving it missiles capable of reaching into the heart of the Soviet Union. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, the transformation of NATO into a nuclear power promises to compromise seriously the chances for reaching a viable agreement with the Soviet Union on the limitation and control of nuclear weapons at a time when chances for such control are irrevocably fading.

Within the Western community growing dissatisfaction with NATO has received open recognition. "There is today," Prime Minister Macmillan observed in an important address at M.I.T. in April, "a certain unease in the NATO alliance. What are we to do about it? We do not want, naturally, to alarm and perhaps endanger the world by appearing gratuitously to encourage the uncontrolled spread of nuclear weapons from country to country. . . . We do not want our allies to feel it essential to their honor or their safety to pour out their money in wasteful duplication. Probably the West as a whole does not need an increase in total nuclear power. Nevertheless, this is a real problem. We cannot just ignore it. We must find a way of meeting the legitimate feelings of our European allies."

This dissatisfaction is grounded in deeper roots than military strategy and cannot be dismissed by the simple, but perilous, means of nuclear diffusion. The crisis facing NATO today is not that of simple nuclear jealousy, but one that reaches deep into the very structure of an alliance conceived in 1948 and still virtually unchanged in the transformed world of 1961. It might be reassuring to think that NATO's problems could be magically resolved by handing out nuclear missiles to our friends. But this facile answer confuses the symptom with the disease and gives rise to even more compelling problems. It is increasingly apparent that giving NATO its own independent nuclear deterrent can only intensify the divisive forces now imperilling the alliance without truly increasing our common security.

THE STAGE

HAMLET AND HEDDA: NOW

IT IS AN irony of our present theatrical moment that, though generous and affluent enough to offer "Hamlet" (*at the Phoenix*) and "Hedda Gabler" (*at the Fourth Street Theater*) their longest New York engagements (yet off, not on Broadway), we must insist still on directing attention to the first as Mr. Donald Madden's Hamlet and the second as Miss Anne Meacham's Hedda. So the *New York Times* editorially regards his as "as vibrant and moving a Hamlet as has been seen in our generation"—what can Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger be up to with this recent proclivity to Dionysiac revel?—and Mr. Walter Kerr, with more wit in the Elizabethan as well as the contemporary sense, confers on Miss Meacham the laurel (or should it be vine-leaf?) as "the best of my collected Heddas." Doubtless it was ever thus, and Drury Lane prated of Garrick, and the Globe of Burbage and so, yet it is not invidious to remark that the proper equation of performer and text does seem in our time to have been, if I may draw on the Shakespearean image, quite o'erthrown.

There were moments in the idle fancy of my youth—the last occurred in 1958—when I thought someday to drop a pebble into the multitudinous seas of turbulence, wonder, spirit, that flow about this baroque and august monument. The audacity has abandoned me, or I it—a sensible divorce—yet not gone is my startled awe at the insouciant and hardy ambition of those who will mount "Hamlet" periodically. Since my aesthetic posture before the usual Shakespearean event is comparable to that of Mr. Lionel Trilling—he admits to great zest of expectation, only to have it rewarded with three hours of wincing—I confess I did not now anticipate other. And why should *this* event have differed? A Danish court of no Renaissance splendor or decayed allure; a Prince—magnetic, if you will, as nail-filings are—full of convulsive egotism and a kind of dithyrambic jitters; a Queen unmarked and a faceless personage playing the King, in the wit of that celebrated epigram, as if he feared someone else might play the ace; unlovely speech; a décor—though gratefully free of that ascending-bleachers effect one of my colleagues calls the Metropolitan Opera syndrome—without projected dramatic idea or point.

Yet the evening held, *worked*: I would be derelict did I not report this: I went back at the interval, not—as three years ago—clutching my root beer and waiting for flights of angels to sing me to Bridgeport—but engaged in attention, persuaded to attend.

It was while brooding on this curiosity that I came

to contemplate the Hedda of Miss Anne Meacham. Though it seems this young woman's malicious fortune to be perpetually "discovered"—I have patiently remarked her rarity from its inception seven years ago, only to see it greeted by the professional critics with regularly virginal rapture, and then forgotten—she is, as an actress, wholly as much in a class from others of her art, as "Hedda Gabler" is, in a less distinguished sense, from "Hamlet." She has, Miss Anne Meacham, what is so rare in American theatrical beauty (though it dominates the ideology of high fashion): a "mask" of violent and sculptured fatality: she could be the unimaginable Goneril of one's very nightmares, or Poe's Ligeia. To this she joins a sinuous—as Hedda, serpentine—presence, a voice of ravening chastity (though she must, like all American actresses it would seem, avoid the monotonies of uninflected tension), discernment of eye for the telling aesthetic detail (the arrangement of hair, the changes of costume), and an egotism justified enough to compel one to the dramas of her interior self. She is, in sum, a singularity, the real right thing, and though I thought her Hedda taken at rather too precipitous a pitch—the creature has, from its entrance, nowhere to go but *down*—none could deny Miss Meacham's consummate fascination.

I had not seen before the Ibsen play, and was grateful hence to the expressively articulated production of Mr. David Ross—which overcomes even the architectural animosity of his theater—and which flanks Miss Meacham's razored cameo with a study of Tesman, exquisitely finished by Mr. Lester Rawlins, and a Lovborg that the wholly remarkable Mr. Mark Lenard scorches with virility, magnetism and a kind of intelligent brutality. Yet it seemed to me a work about which it was no longer possible to speak—certainly not beyond the exhaustive "psychological analysis" Miss Eva LeGallienne appended to her recent translation (which might have been used here, incidentally.) It is all *there*: certainly the symbolism; the moral traffic signs and social omens; that "hard frugal charm . . . intensity" Henry James writes of, emanating from these lamps of the spirit burning in "tasteless parlors . . . with a positive odour of spiritual paraffin." But the note, as in so much of the Ibsen canon, of ending on a kind of exacerbated scream, clarifies for us that brilliant image Mr. Francis Ferguson makes of the world always outside the tasteless Ibsen parlor: "Europe as a moral void, an uninhabited wilderness, offering as it were a blank check to the insatiate spirit." Perhaps Miss Meacham is right after all: perhaps there is no place to go but down. Or perhaps down, as in "Ghosts," is really *up*: the glittering, sterile peaks; the sun.

Yet her Hedda gave me a key to my most curious Hamlet: for I saw suddenly that what these young persons at the Phoenix were projecting with such

singular conviction was not a Renaissance poem of mortality and the world's devious seemingness, not spiritual elegance nor a finished moral conception; not even "personality" but rather, if you will, what I can only call the *zeitgeist*. Mr. Donald Madden, as an instance, commands certainly a handsome presence, but he is too young and indeterminate to propose any kind of involving *persona*, and what he does—as a performer—is more delinquent than it is beautiful or arresting. Nor does he barely shadow that "cerebral and passionate ecstasy pressing against the outward restraint of the whole pattern" that Mr. Stark Young found wanting in even the legendary Barrymore. Yet he makes the role *express* by force of the projection of more or less broken and anarchic—impulses? I know not what else to call them. And Miss Joyce Ebert, the Ophelia, with more complex subtlety, does the same thing. And to the contention that the madness motif in "Hamlet" may account for this, one must respond with the observation that there is madness and there is madness. In Shakespeare it is always the Ariadne thread to a more disastrous reality. It is not, as with these actors and with "Hedda Gabler," the very ground and condition of being.

But do not ask me to infer from the phenomenon the general truth, for I shall reply only with Melville's scrivener Bartleby: *I should prefer not to*. I must wonder simply at my own stilled didactic rigors. Yet a phenomenon it is, which might mean ultimately a transformation in art and personality as we have traditionally known them. And out of that unimaginable abolition, who can say what strange beast may be waiting to be born?

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

HOW NOW NOBLE SAVAGE

NO DOUBT many movie goers will be as surprised as I was at seeing how primitive some of the tribes visited by Lewis Cotlow in "Primitive Paradise" really are. Explorer Cotlow, who brought back such fascinating documentary films as "Savage Splendor" and "Dangerous Safari" from previous expeditions, went to New Guinea this time, and while this new picture is not as artistically impressive as his earlier ones, "Primitive Paradise" is much more startling. Some of the natives in the hinterlands of New Guinea, cut off as they are by jungles and mountains from the rest of the world, are still living in a Stone Age period, and some of their culture patterns, not far from cannibalism, will be hardly believable to many today.

Although accompanied by a medical officer from Australia and sometimes with a patrol officer and native police, Mr. Cotlow and his staff doubtlessly risked their lives on this dangerous expedition which brought them close to the warring savages. Strangely enough, the film's narration, which is written, and spoken, in a flat, almost monotonous tone, seldom rises to the excitement of the occasion. The pictures, however, photographed by cameraman Bede Whitman, convey well what is going on in this back country and include much that is new and fascinating about the primitive mores.

Needless to say, there are no shots of cannibalism, but there are scenes of tribal war and many sequences of more peaceable activities in camps with grass-skirted women and men practically nude except for elaborate phallic gourds which are primitive versions of the codpieces worn in sixteenth-century Europe. The most interesting scenes in Lewis Cotlow's film are those of the Sing Sing held in honor of the white nurse who was flown in to tend the ailing children in one village. The various tribes gather in their festive best, and the display of bird of paradise plumes, painted bodies, startling clay masks, and bizarre costumes is outdone only by the entertainments staged by these savages. "Primitive Paradise" is a fascinating film worthy of attendance by adults.

It is to be hoped, however, that this attention will be won by publicity stressing its anthropological interest and not its sensational aspects. The documentary deals with people who are certainly primitive—but by no means angels in a paradise. But then, only one-third of New Guinea has been explored. There's no telling what paleolithic surprises Cotlow and his cameras will find when he gets around to documenting the other two-thirds.

ALSO EMPLOYING a script that doesn't quite match the intensity of its visuals, and also dealing with savages though of a much less primitive variety than those found in New Guinea's hinterlands, is "The Young Savages," a new movie about three juvenile delinquents accused of murder in the modern jungle of New York City. The murder itself and the subsequent events involving the assistant D.A. (Burt Lancaster) who finds himself in the midst of the warfare between the killers' Italian gang and the victim's Puerto Rican gang are portrayed with terrifying violence. And the issue is further complicated by the entrance of politics into the trial, the lining up of various factions according to racial preferences, and Lancaster's own entanglements brought on by his Italian background, the interest of his Vassar-graduated wife (Dina Merrill) in sociology, and the emotions stirred up when a former girl friend (Shelley Winters) turns out to be the mother of one of the accused boys.

While this plot, stemming from Evan Hunter's novel *A Matter of Conviction*, gets tied up in too much melodrama and the script is rather commonplace compared to the horrors shown on the screen, the film manages to place the blame for juvenile delinquency and gang warfare on living conditions in the crowded city. Under John Frankenheimer's direction, the acting on the whole (and the cast is very large) is good, and the picture is by no means dull. Neither is it always believable. But even if these young savages work up little sympathy, the film about them merits consideration for calling attention to one of modern civilization's most serious problems.

ANOTHER PICTURE concerned with the problem of good and evil, especially in one person, is "House of Fright." It hardly seems possible that the movies would come up with one more version of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but they have. This version, written by Wolf Mankowitz, whose sense of melodrama is far greater than his interest in psychology, is a lurid thriller set in 1874 London where opportunities for crime and vice must have been even

greater than there are today. Starting with the premise that in every human being there are two forces struggling for supremacy, "House of Fright" deals with Stevenson's good Dr. Jekyll who develops a serum that brings out the worst in man. He tries this concoction on himself, bit by bit, until the situation gets out of hand, and the evil man takes over. While this movie takes many liberties with the original tale, a few of these variations make sense; and Paul Massie is excellent in the Jekyll-Hyde role. One interesting switch is that the evil Hyde is the smooth-faced man, while kindly Dr. J. is the bearded and, outwardly, the almost sinister guy.

Some of the new angles, however, are rather silly, especially Jekyll's adulterous wife (Dawn Addams) and the affair she is carrying on with Jekyll's friend (Christopher Lee). Going out of its way to portray evil as evil, the film gets so sensational that one begins to doubt its good intentions—all of which is unfortunate, since Stevenson's tale about reversion to savagery still deserves some serious thought, more than is dished up in this hopped-up remake.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

An Irish-American, Middle-Class World

THE EDGE OF SADNESS. By Edwin O'Connor. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$5.00.

By THOMAS CURLEY

MR. O'CONNOR'S book begins with these sentences: "This story at no point becomes my own. I am in it—good heavens, I'm in it to the point of almost never being out of it!—but the story belongs, all of it, to the Carmodys, and my own part, while substantial enough, was never really of any great significance at all." That's the narrator, Father Hugh Kennedy, speaking and, though he does not know it, he is not telling the truth. Oh, the Carmody's are here all right, as are Father Danowski, the narrator's assistant, and the handyman Roy who presents Father Kennedy with a Christmas gift once belonging to the Duke of Windsor. It was a used key case which Roy claimed to have come into possession of with no small effort.

The expected O'Connor characters are all here. It should be observed that with only two books,

his *The Last Hurrah* being the other, Mr. O'Connor has created a cast of characters that are undeniably his and his alone. *The Edge of Sadness* is not as consistently hilarious as *The Last Hurrah*, but the quality of the narrative is much improved. To be blunt, those parts of *The Last Hurrah* not blessed with the presence of Skeffington or Hennessy or the other politicians were clumsy and amateurish. In this new book, the humor is not all; neither is it isolated from that unity of mood, meditative, ordinary and humble, that O'Connor calls "the edge of sadness."

Let us look briefly at the story. In a backward glance, the narrator tells us that his mother died when he was young and that he was brought up by his father, a kind, candid, man who was never successful in business. Hugh Kennedy went straight from school to seminary and began what seemed to be a promising career as priest and pastor. Then his father died. Father Hugh Kennedy was in his early forties. He lost interest in his parish-

ioners; he began to drink secretly and increasingly heavily. Finally, he had to be relieved of his duties and sent away. He "took the cure" and, for once, the cure took. Upon his return the bishop appointed him pastor of "old" St. Paul's, a parish once renowned but now run-down. Gratefully, Father Kennedy settled down to live out his life. He more or less ignored his parishioners; they returned the compliment. Live and let live. Die and let die.

Into this grayness, old Charlie Carmody breaks in with a telephone call to invite his old friend Dave Kennedy's son to his eighty-first birthday party. (Charlie said eighty-second but he always added a year just to annoy those who knew.) It is with this telephone call that the book begins. The part that follows is hilarious in the well-known O'Connor manner, but its thematic significance is that it serves as a re-entry of Father Kennedy to the Irish-American middle-class world he had once known and *enjoyed*. That is important. The "alienated" man in this novel is not the narrator

but the narrator's friend, also a pastor, John Carmody, old Charley's son. That birthday party tired and infuriated John. The goofy humor provokes him to a tirade. They fool you, he says. They begin with something that sounds sensible:

"Nothing wildly interesting or startling. Just sensible. Something about the way the income taxes are collected, say, or about the state roads being in bad repair. All right. This is the start. And then just as you think that maybe this time there just might be a possibility of some logical progression you suddenly find yourself trapped in the middle of some lunatic story about a man named Danny McGee who always slept in a maple tree or Little Philsy Kerrigan who once saved up a trunkful of doughnuts. And there you are. God knows how you got there, but there you are and there you stay."

Father Kennedy remarks, as a narrator, that no comment seemed necessary or, indeed, desired. Maybe so, but Father Carmody's exasperated outburst is a pretty good description of O'Connor's humor. Before you know it, you're up a tree with Danny McGee or hoarding stale doughnuts with Philsy Kerrigan. And yet, in this book, the author does not, as he sometimes did in *The Last Hurrah*, just leave you there.

Hugh Kennedy continues to see the Carmody's and he learns the very usual lesson that the people he had known all his life up to fifteen years ago—he is in his mid-fifties when we meet him—are not what they were. They had changed in much the same way he had. Of the Carmody's he knew as a boy, he was closest to John and Mary. Of Mary, now a grandmother, he has this to say: "Nothing about her suggested the tragic figure, she didn't radiate mournfulness, far from that, but all the same I knew at once some element of happiness was missing. The edge of sadness was visible; it was clear that she hadn't found . . . what? What we all hoped to find, I suppose: at one time or another we're all optimists."

There are some, I know who are impatient of the emotions O'Connor

mentions, or, at least, resent the expression of them. I can even imagine a very severe critic dismissing *The Edge of Sadness* as "soap-opera." It is not. It does not falsify emotions. It is a true and moving and satisfying novel.

The chief flaw I find in O'Connor's work—there is no such thing as a flawless novel—is indicated by O'Connor himself. He has been quoted by Lewis Nichols in the *N. Y. Times* as having said that his strength lies in his creation of interesting people. "I don't write about myself. A lot of writers now are writing autobiography only." He's right, but his "distance" from his interesting people tends to make

him let them off too easily. He does not push them to their limits. He does not demand of them so much as he would demand of himself.

Let me conclude with a small quarrel. Father Hugh Kennedy tells us that on New Year's Eve the confessionals are always crowded, ". . . even here in Saint Paul's." That's news to me. A friend of mine once went to New Year's Eve devotions and he said it was just slightly better attended than 6:30 Mass on a rainy Wednesday in July. The only explanation I can find is on the dust jacket: it says that O'Connor went to the University of Notre Dame.

Approaches to the Councils

THE CHURCH IN CRISIS: A HISTORY OF THE GENERAL COUNCILS. By Philip Hughes. Hanover House. \$4.95. THE CHURCH IN COUNCIL. By E. I. Watkin. Sheed and Ward. \$3.95.

By THOMAS P. NEILL

A FEW YEARS ago there was not a volume in English on the Church's twenty ecumenical councils. Since Pope John XXIII announced that he would call the Second Vatican Council, several books have been published on the history of ecumenical councils, and more will likely appear.

This is a good thing. But reason for this wide interest in past councils is not entirely well founded. I suspect—and publishers seem to assume—that Catholics and others want to read about past councils so that they can better understand the forthcoming Vatican Council II, know how it will operate and what it is likely to accomplish. This is much like studying past performances of an athlete in order to make an intelligent estimate of what he will do the next time.

Such reasoning can be quite misleading. Councils have traditionally been called in time of crisis, to use Msgr. Hughes' subtitle, and the nature of the crisis has differed each time. The early councils, which met

in the East, convened to hammer out the Church's Christological doctrine in the face of various heresies about Christ. Other councils later met in the West on such specific problems as suppressing an institution (the Knights Templar) or a heresy (the teaching of Wyclif and Hus). They hardly suggest what the forthcoming council might do, and only remotely how it will operate.

A study of the two councils of modern times, Trent (1545-1563) and Vatican I (1869-1870) are considerably more helpful in this respect. Especially should one study in detail the Vatican Council, for here were pressures at work similar to what might be expected in the forthcoming council: that of Catholic public opinion instead of secular governments; groups within the Church seeking special approbation of their work or the condemnation of an inimical "ism." But even this abbreviated council will do little to determine the life course of its successor.

Neither Hughes nor Watkin succumbs to the temptation to study past councils in order to throw light on the forthcoming one. After a brief introductory chapter on ecumenical councils in general, they both treat the twenty councils in Church history more or less evenly

and according to importance. Watkin devotes an average of ten pages to each council, giving as little as four pages to Lateran III (1179) and twenty-one to Trent. Hughes averages eighteen pages on each council, ranging from four for Lateran II (1139) to over thirty for Trent and Vatican I. The Hughes volume is about three times as long as Watkin's.

Both authors write well. They have a feeling for what is essential and timeless in the Church, and for what is ever-changing, for, in a phrase, the expression in time of the timeless essentials. Their volumes differ as one might expect. Watkin is a philosopher, critic, and hagiographer before he is an historian. Hughes, on the other hand, has spent his entirely scholarly life in Church history, ranging from its establishment by Christ down to the present. Thus in Watkin one finds frequent asides and personal observations, whereas Hughes stays with the story, presenting and interpreting the developments leading up to each council and following through with the story and conclusions of each of them.

Watkin fails to bring the reader into the councils. The first few pages of each chapter give a brief but adequate description of the developments that led to the calling of the council, as the Arian heresy evoking the First Council of Nicaea or Protestant doctrine leading to the Council of Trent. But after this adequate beginning he simply convenes the council and lists its conclusions. This is a history of what councils have decreed rather than a history of *The Church in Council*. As such, it is a good book for those who have relatively little time to devote to the subject and still wish not to be totally ignorant of what an ecumenical council is and what has been accomplished by them in the past.

Hughes' volume is much more rewarding to those who will take time to read it. One feels the author is at home in all periods of Church history. His problem was to decide what not to write and what problems to leave at rest. He succeeds, I feel, beyond his modest expecta-

tions, for he tells us that his purpose is only "to say how each of these councils came to be, and what each achieved. . . . I have no ambition to write a survey course in which

everything is mentioned and nothing taught."

The Church in Crisis is written by an historian, not by a philosopher or theologian using historical data

EVENING IN RESIDENCE, LATE

Aye master,
What'll it be?
Coins from behind your ear?
Knives arched sparrowlike through
the air?
Or just three gay balloons,
Bright baubles
Burst
And resurrected in the hair
Of giggling girls
(whose bottoms I shall pinch—
that's only fair)
Arrayed to dance your cares away?
Or shall I be a witch
And ride upon a broom?
A tumbler prancing like a loon
Until you laugh
(or turn away)?
I have a casket here
That I can fill with pretty things,
Priceless rings and diadems and
jewels rare,
Or
Should you prefer
Transform into a perfumed couch
On which will languish
Such a damsel curved and shadowed
As fair will twitch your creaky loins
To one more spasm.
I wait

You've but to speak
Come now, a choice.
A simple play?
Lions loping through the room?
Blood upon the moon?
A speaking tree?
A weeping stone?
A magic carpet for your throne?
A babe to dandle on your knee?
An elephant to serve your tea?
I'll summon powers to perform
Turn men to swine
Entwine the sea and moon
Into a ringlet for your loom
Cleopatra without clothes?
A boy, perhaps,
With dainty feet.
I wait

How flat your mood.
Well, what of this:

A voyage to that distant realm
where dwell the everlasting scenes
of all your days—
your pleasures and your pains—
each wish preserved within a silver
seed,
each whisper held within a pearl,
each secret thought
a rainbow curving through a cloud
of moments shaped, dispersed,
reshaped
by winds that are the sighs you
breathed,
The cries you hurled against op-
posing might,
The laughter that was yours
(though you've not heard it these
long years).
Your songs.
The wonders you have known.
The storms you've ridden out.
The friends you favored
(those you betrayed).
The get of princely sons
On girls too numerous to name—
But beautiful
(save one).
Your grandest dream!
Now that's a prospect as should
please.
The whole thing new again,
To do again,
Exactly as before,
As once you chose.
Speak then my Prince,
I wait
And wait.
Sire . . . ?
(Lost your tongue?
La ducks, the jeweled curse of
kings.
And poets.)
No urges? No desires?
Not even Marguerita,
Mine own dear child?
(I'll lose my place if this keeps up.)
Well then
(You there, pack up the props
and lock the windows—
Everybody Out!)
. . . . Goodnight.

THOMAS FITZSIMMONS.

to study Church teaching or the nature of an ecumenical council. Hughes is interested in the concrete situation evoking each general council, its political and social as well as its theological setting. He is concerned with the procedure and the earnest, sometimes almost scandalously heated, debate in each session. And he is concerned with the human element, which one can hardly wash out of the history of general councils.

The difference of approach in these two volumes is illustrated in a reference each makes to the forthcoming council. Watkin truly observes: "The worse party may win a General Election, a false doctrine cannot win a general Council." And Hughes observes—also truly: "Each of these councils has a history and a character all its own. The history of the next council—how matters will go once the bishops meet—can never be foretold from the history of the last. The powers and the authority of the new council are, it is recognized, the same as its predecessors possessed. The procedure may, and will, vary. One thing is never constant: the human reaction of the council's component parts."

Literate people will have no difficulty reading Hughes, but if they are not fairly well versed in history they might find that he assumes too much on the reader's part. Characteristically, after discussing the background and the organization of the Council of Trent, he remarks: "All this is what every man knows about the Council of Trent." This is quite an assumption!

Hughes includes an appendix of further reading on Church history and a list of some of the works he used in preparing *The Church in Crisis*. The author has, I believe, overcome the danger inherent in general histories, the fear of which has become overweening with him as a result of a lifetime of scholarly work in Church history, and which he expresses in the appendix of the present volume:

"Unless history is read in considerable detail it now only raises more questions than it answers, and risks all the time being a distortion or a

caricature of the truth, but is horribly dull and dreary work. Who is there who ever got any satisfaction, for example, out of the terrible survey courses of the history of our civilization. . . ."

The Hughes volume is far from dull and dreary. Nor is it in any sense distortion.

A Summer Chill

DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET. By Simon Raven. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

By MAX COSMAN

WARM-WEATHER reading gets a boost from this combination of Graham Greene, Lawrence Durrell, and A. Conan Doyle. Which is another way of saying that *Doctors Wear Scarlet* has the deftness of the first writer's entertainments, something of the erotic wickedness of the second one's Alexandria, and a fair dash of the old-fashioned literary quality which is so endearing in the third man's works—but enlivened from time to time by present scatologisms that Doyle would never of course have countenanced.

Not all brows will cool immediately, however. The initial section of Mr. Raven's novel is content to build up a suitable background for the climactic events to come. The case of Richard Fountain, research worker in ancient rites, and poet too, begins with the visit Inspector John Tyrrel of the Metropolitan Police pays to Anthony Seymour. The cause: interrogation. The subject: Seymour's knowledge of Richard's early life. The immediate point: something that will explain why Richard, continuing his study of cults in Greece, should have fallen afoul of the authorities there.

Seymour, as a friend of Richard's, obliges in what amounts to a series of deft flashbacks. What with data supplied by other friends of Richard's—Piers and Marc Honeydew—plus portentous foreshadowings that Seymour indulges in ("firstly, my own growing and almost obses-

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sive suspicion that here was a being not only outstandingly talented but, in some fashion, marred by a gigantic yet undetectable flaw, deformed by some hideous twist of the spirit"), the truth comes out: Richard is impotent. Capable of love and hate, with their corollary of sex and violence, his present trip to Greece is in part an escape from the unwelcome solicitude of Dr. Walter Goodrich and daughter Penelope but still more a search for that "abundance" which will relieve his impotence and, we may infer, give meaning to his existence.

The next section of the book is devoted to the search which Seymour, Piers, and Longbow conduct in Greece for the now suspect and hidden Richard. The tale of how they find him in a deserted island stronghold, rescue him from his Greek charmer-destroyer (Chriseis is an actual vampire, a pervert who sucks blood from her victims), and bring him back to Lancaster College is but a due preparation for the grand climax.

This comes when Richard, seemingly normal again in the college set-up, fulfills the fate predicted for him by Dr. Holmstrom, a British Museum authority in these matters; he turns vampire. Pressed too much by Dr. Goodrich, academic manipulator of old and would-be father-in-law still, he avenges himself by subjecting Penelope Goodrich, helplessly in love this long while, to the same tragic end that had almost been his own: he drains the life out of her.

Piers who finds the dead body beside the jaw-stained criminal has no choice but to put the "living ruin of a well-beloved friend" out of its misery. He does this with an overdose of sleeping draught and the book closes with the following envoi:

"Many people came to their funeral (Penelope's and Richard's), for both of them had been much loved, but of all those present only four men knew that both bodies were buried only after sharpened stakes of wood had been driven through their hearts."

The procedure referred to, we

gather, is called for to lay the curse of vampirism. It is not the least of the curious bits of lore that come to us as Dr. Holstrom, Piers, Seymour, or, for that matter, Inspector Tyrrel too, lecture us in turn as if they were dons and we, the readers, their students.

For all its pedagogy and melodrama, however, *Doctors Wear Scarlet* is no mean fable about the horror human beings visit on each other. Its scenes of sado-sexual perversity—the one that involves a pair of Greek children is too vicious to detail—cast a baleful tinge on any feeling of romanticism that might be attached to these pagan rituals.

It reminds us further that underneath his apparent issues of friend-

ship, individuality, and necessary freedom of the soul—this goes for his *Brother Cain* and *The Feathers of Death* as well as documentary pieces like "Boys Will Be Boys"—Mr. Raven is very much concerned with the pathology of deviation and the price it exacts not only from the unfortunates themselves but from society about them.

REVIEWERS

Thomas Curley, a regular contributor, is both novelist and critic.

Thomas P. Neill is a member of the faculty of St. Louis University. He writes frequently on matters of Church history.

Max Cosman writes on literary and cultural matters for a number of English and American journals.

ART

A New Kind of "Humanism"

NOT LONG ago—a year and a half, in fact—the Museum of Modern Art brought to the attention of the New York public a group of contemporary artists who were presenting in their work "New Images of Man." This exhibit did not make anyone particularly happy; neither those who exult in abstract art nor those who detest it found satisfaction, although a genuinely new kind of "humanism," conditioned by abstract expressionism, was in many cases brilliantly proposed.

A significant source of the uneasiness was the fragmented, diminished, lacerated view of man these new images offered. If this was the best that could be done in the way of a return to the figurative, most people seemed to feel, we had better stay away altogether or hold out for an unconditional revival of traditional forms.

Nevertheless a small group believed that in an era when the "human" element is conspicuous by its absence in our most vital art, there was cause for rejoicing that the lost sheep had been found again, no matter what condition it was in. The one necessary condition was that the artist present a work

distinguished by skill and conviction. The more skillful and convincing works that emerge in this vein, the more significant this last-named group will become, of course; in the end, everything will depend on the desire of artists of real gifts to express themselves in human terms.

Two American artists who were represented in the "New Images" show seem to be doing just that. One of them, Richard Diebenkorn, was not as impressive at that time as he has more recently become; his latest paintings (shown recently at the Poindexter Gallery in New York and at the Phillips Gallery in Washington) prove a splendid increase of ease, authority and eloquence. The sculptor Leonard Baskin was as commanding then as now, but he has continued to develop his authority with great expressive vitality. A recent small exhibit of his drawings at the Borgenicht Gallery in New York offered a fresh view of his extraordinary force in that medium, and this coming summer a comprehensive exhibit of his work is being shown at the Boymans van Beuningen Museum in Rotterdam, in other European cities and in Israel, spon-

sored by the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art.

From a background of abstract expressionism Diebenkorn emerged as if from a chrysalis. His early abstractions had always breathed a sense of the wide open spaces of the West (he lives in Berkeley, California), through the thin tentative painted rectangles of color one felt the presence of fields, water and sky. That feeling of air and space persists like a blessing on his more "finished" and various later work, where reality at first appeared to be gently evoked from the bare bones of his abstract compositions.

In this later work a figure—usually a female figure but occasionally a couple—sits or stands in perfect harmony with his surroundings. In the beginning these figures seemed like ghosts of human dignity marooned on islands of harmonious space; of late they have taken on more substance and poignancy without losing one whit of their serene coherence. Diebenkorn, who once seemed to be merely

groping towards an expression of human presence within patterns of colored space is now so easy with his ability to achieve his aims that he can move around with infinite variety—even close up to his figures, as in a small painting called *Conversation*—and carry the particular pathos of his hermetic atmosphere with him. It is a detached enchantment that wraps his vision of man; it breathes a secret harmony, a classical calm.

If Baskin has also emerged in the general climate of abstract expressionism it has been chiefly in opposition to what is abstract and linked (predominately in his graphic work) to expressionism. The coherence of his work comes from psychological "motifs". In his sculpture a grave and solid coherence is characteristic—an example is the inert mystery of *The Great Man Dead*, or even the rotund irony of *The Poet Laureate*—but his drawings have a different spirit. The drawings just shown at the Borgenicht are authoritative and coherent, but unlike the sculpture they pin their subject to the wall by their intensity. These drawings quiver with life: whether it is *Pain*, the helpless mass of a man transfixed, or an image which shrinks into itself called *Fear*, the collected impact is searing. The drawing called *Profile*—a furious spate of black splotches in a hawk-like pattern—has a grand vehemence. Baskin's isolated image is imprisoned by the intensity of his individuality and his individual fate.

Diebenkorn's and Baskin's images of the human condition have sprung from their convictions as naturally (it may be imagined) as apples from an apple tree, since everything in their work supports and makes it inevitable. Their gifts fulfill their desire to communicate those visions. The recognition they have achieved should still the fears of those alarmists who think no one can get "ahead" today if he does not conform to what is the prevailing abstract idiom in art, and should raise the spirits of all those who welcome the return of the human image.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

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